

## TO PROHIBIT DUELING

Action Will be Taken by the German Reichstag.

## WILLIAM'S VISIT TO AUSTRIA

Not a Success in the Way of Strengthening Friendly Relations.

(Copyrighted 1896 by the Associated Press.)

Berlin, April 18.—In well-informed circles there is an impression that the visit of Emperor William to Vienna was not as much a success in strengthening the friendship between Austria and Germany as expected. It is asserted that Emperor Francis Joseph and his cabinet are piqued at the length of Emperor William's stay in Italy and the mutual effusion displayed there. The question of the future German support of the Austrian-Balkan policy was repeatedly broached, without eliciting satisfactory German assurances, and a thorough understanding on the subject between Count Badioli and Prince Hohenlohe was not effected. The Austrian minister for foreign affairs, Goluchowski, and all the minor Austrian officials, received a German decoration, but Count Badioli, the premier, did not. Another question left undecided is that of the British-German relations.

The German press has had an outburst of temper, owing to an article in the *Morning Post* of London, which is considered offensive to the government. It is said, in spite of Austria's wishes, is determined to pursue a policy in South Africa dictated by its own interests entirely, until Great Britain is brought to her senses. Herr Hoff, the German representative, has received infinite instructions in view of the latest developments in South Africa.

The immense sensation which resulted from the pistol duel between Count von Kottow and Baron von Schröder, resulting in the death of the latter, and a number of other recent occurrences, seem to promise an early abolition of the dueling in Germany. In both the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet the matter will be broached, and a demand will be made for new and stringent anti-dueling laws. The Reichstag, in both the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet the matter will be broached, and a demand will be made for new and stringent anti-dueling laws. The Reichstag, in both the Reichstag and the Prussian Diet the matter will be broached, and a demand will be made for new and stringent anti-dueling laws.

The visit of Emperor William to Dresden on Thursday next, on the occasion of the King of Saxony's birthday, will be signified by a gala day, military parades and a monster street procession, in which the Dresden art students will take part.

Oscar Kaufmann's book makes public an account of the details of the visit of the Emperor to the imperial family. It appears that the Emperor contracts with his chief butler for meals at dinner cost less than a dollar a plate, exclusive of wine, but on festive occasions, the cost of a dinner varies from \$6 to \$10. The Emperor usually has three meals daily, a breakfast, a lunch and a dinner. The Emperor's dinner, which is always served at 8 o'clock, consists of 4000 cases of other wines and liquors.

The government bill to prevent unfair competition in the trade was introduced in the imperial diet on Friday. This bill provides for the punishment of persons revealing trade secrets, which the government has divided into two categories—first, those of a commercial nature, and secondly, those for which employers have exacted promises of secrecy.

The diet refused to pass the measure in this shape, and a committee was formed by which a penalty is only applied to the betrayal of business secrets during the time of service and with intent to injure their employers or competitors. The new bill provides for the punishment of persons revealing trade secrets, which the government has divided into two categories—first, those of a commercial nature, and secondly, those for which employers have exacted promises of secrecy.

During the week there was violent snow and hail storms in the German highlands, the mercury registering 22 degrees in the Harz mountains, with deep snow.

On Friday the carpenters at work on the Berlin industrial exhibition struck for a mark an hour and a mark and a half for over time.

Major Lentz, the German governor of Southwest Africa, reports that he has found there will be a rising of the Hereros, who number 60,000, and who are giving a great deal of trouble. The Hereros are only number 600 and are quite incapable of doing anything. If war breaks out it will be the biggest colonial trouble Germany has ever had.

The Reichstag's omnibus bill amending the constitution is a masterpiece of compromise. There is little prospect of its adoption.

Before the adjournment Mr. Cannon reported the general deficiency, the last appropriation bill, and Mr. Tillman of California secured the passage of a bill to establish a naval training school on Goat Island, San Francisco harbor.

At 2:50 the house adjourned.

Condition of the Treasury. WASHINGTON, April 18.—Today's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, \$270,145,056; gold reserve, \$126,915,145.

## ROYAL ROBES.

## La Fleeta Queen's Gowns of Rich Material Are Ready.

Los Angeles, April 18.—The queen's gowns are finished. Each one has been evolved with an eye to most effective detail. The yards and yards of shining satin, the webs of lilylike lace, the golden jeweled embroidery and the royal ermine were bought in Los Angeles. The dress in which her majesty appears when she, with her court, meets the coronation committee at the pavilion Tuesday night is a shining, shimmering pink brocade with great splashes of yellow chrysanthemum covering it. A fall of rich lace ornaments the front, embroidered with jewels. From this falls long yellow silken tails finished with gold fringe and gold ornaments of costly beads.

Immaculate puffed sleeves and a Marie Antoinette collar of gold lace finish the waist, while a long court train of yellow satin, edged with ermine, gives a most beautiful and queenly effect to the whole.

## McDONALD A FREE MAN.

## Three Charges Pending Which Are Likely to Be Dismissed.

San Francisco, April 18.—After two years' imprisonment Dick McDonald, formerly vice president of the Pacific bank, is a free man. He was released on his own recognizance today by Superior Judge Rogers. There are still three more indictments pending against McDonald, but it is unlikely that they will cause him any trouble. The indictment is for perjury in swearing to a false statement of the Pacific bank. He has been tried once for this and the jury disagreed. It is probable that he will be tried again on this charge. The district attorney was given one week in which to decide whether or not he wishes to prosecute McDonald for perjury. Everyone believes that his troubles in connection with the failure of the Pacific bank are over.

## RAILROAD INCORPORATED.

## To Extend From San Jose, Costa Rica, to the Pacific.

Denver, Colo., April 18.—William A. Lynn and Francis C. Hatch of New York, Fred O. Gay and Charles A. Mariner of Los Angeles and Charles W. Franklin of Denver today incorporated the Costa Rica Pacific Railroad Company, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000. The company proposes to construct a line from the city of San Jose, Costa Rica, in a westerly direction to the Pacific ocean. The incorporation papers give the company the right to operate mines and manufacture of iron and steel, and to develop the resources of the country, besides the borrowing of money, purchase of other railroads in the vicinity and floating bonds for the purpose of extending the line to the Pacific. The company has branch offices in New York city, Los Angeles, Cal., San Jose and elsewhere.

## BULUWAYO IN DANGER

## GOVERNOR ROBINSON MISREPRESENTS THE SITUATION.

## Additional Evidence That the Boers Are Behind the Whole Uprising.

## Are Behind the Whole Uprising.

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## KILLED HIS MOTHER

Hacked Her to Pieces With a Hatchet.

## AN INHUMAN GRANDMOTHER

Sentenced to Life Imprisonment for Extreme Cruelty to Children.

(Copyrighted 1896 by the Associated Press.)

WALLACE, Ida, April 18.—J. E. Perry killed his mother with a hatchet this morning, presumably in a fit of insanity. The family, consisting of father, mother, wife and baby of the murderer arrived from Tekoa Thursday. Henry Elfers, a milkman, went to the house to deliver milk, and when Mrs. Perry went to the door Perry caught his mother, struggled with her an instant, then knocked her down. Approaching with a hatchet he ordered Elfers to leave. Elfers hurried away for help, but when he returned the woman was lying on the floor, hacked to pieces and the murderer fled. After murdering his mother Perry picked up his baby and walked quietly out of the door, landed it to his wife and fled.

The sheriff and city marshal overtook the murderer about a mile from the house and he immediately drew the hatchet and threatened to attack them. There was a lively struggle, but they finally overpowered him and brought him back to jail. It is feared that Perry has been insane since the death of his mother, who was first at Pueblo, Colo., and later in Medicine Lake, Wash. At times when young Perry was suffering from his disease he was inclined to quarrel with his father. This morning it was evident that another attack was coming, so his father went away. Young Perry is about 21 years of age, and was married in Utah in 1892.

## INHUMAN GRANDMOTHER

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## SAN FRANCISCO RACES.

## Only One Favorite Secured First Place Yesterday.

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## THE COUNTY PRIMARIES

Delegates to the Republican Convention.

## A SUBSTANTIAL VOTE POLLED

A Quiet Day at the Polls—The Returns so Far as Received.

(Copyrighted 1896 by the Associated Press.)

The Republican primaries passed off quietly throughout the county yesterday. There was no contest at any place, although a substantial vote was polled. The general selection of delegates is to be commended by every citizen, and the result is satisfactory. The following were the returns so far as received up to last night:

## Fresno city precinct No. 1—G. A. Smith, G. T. Roberts, J. Q. Clark.

## Fresno city precinct No. 2—Louis Manuel, L. H. Owens, H. P. Hedges, J. T. Shanklin.

## Fresno city precinct No. 3—G. A. Smith, G. T. Roberts, J. Q. Clark.

## Fresno city precinct No. 4—O. Scribner, T. H. Hunt, E. T. Walcott.

## Fresno city precinct No. 5—A. B. Snow and W. H. Parker.

## Fresno city precinct No. 6—H. W. Skinner, O. P. Taylor, J





## Fresno Morning Republican

MARCH

Composed by Benj. W. FABIAN.

Tempo di Marcia.



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## JACK'S TRUE YARNS.

THE OLD NORTH WOODS GUIDE TELLS TWO GOOD STORIES.

How He Captured a Bear With No Weapon but His Book Tools—He Was Once Saved From Freezing by a Bottle of Kerosene and Some Matches.

Jack Ormiston is still alive to tell some of the most wonderful tales that are heard in the Adirondacks. Jack has been a guide for some 30 years, ever since he has been big enough to carry a pack basket. He is tall and loose jointed, and his muscles are as hard as hickory knots. His black grizzled beard covers nearly all of his broad face. A pair of small, blinking black eyes do most of his talking for him, but when he is properly aroused he can spin a tale at the camp fire that will startle the screech owls and frighten the wailing loons down on the lake shore.

"You've heard some of the fellows say, hasn't yer, how I kotched that old bear last fall?" asked Jack.

We assured him that we never had, and it was strictly true, because he had told us a dozen or more times himself.

"Well, yer must know where Tully pond is," continued Jack. "Blessed if I don't kotch a bear mighty queer there last fall. Jim Hodge give me a lift on the job. I must say, but that ain't the point. Fact is, the great point was the too end of these bears come down this way along the trail when I heard a rustling overhead in a tall pine. Golly, when I looked up, kinder quick, sideways, for I feared something was goin' ter drop, I see a mighty big bear come along one of the limbs toward the trunk."

"He started ter come down the trunk book end first, winkin' at me. My gun was over at camp. I didn't have a rifle back with me, and Jim said I could see had a mighty fine hide that would bring me something like \$80, with the bounty. I didn't care ter have him run away, nor did I want ter shake hands with him and pass the time of day with him till Jim come along and put him asleep with a bullet. I didn't make up my mind now to soon. The bear wasn't half way down the tree when I rushed at him, yer know what I would do ter kotch that hide and capture the bounty. I looked around for a club, but none come in sight, so when I got ter the foot of the tree there wasn't nothin' but one thing ter do. I just heeled off and kicked that bear."

"It was the first experiment of the kind I ever heard of, and by golly I beat anything I ever see. The bear clawed hard into the bark and snapped at me. He was casting a bit with his nails when I yelled for Jim and swung another. I yelled six times, kickin' him between every yell. Then Jim answered, and I kept up yellin' and kickin', first with one foot and then the other. The bear didn't drop an inch. Just as his time come along that trail, just as I swung the forty-ninth kick Jim come in sight. I dropped flat on my back. Jim popped one into the bear, and it was most carried man yer ever see. It was most carried before I could move ter him."

Then Jack piled another log on the fire and started in on a new tale. "This spring I come near bein' done fer," he said. "Kerosene kept me in pickle long enough ter get near a fire, and then I was all right again."

We wanted to know if kerosene oil wasn't a new leverage for him. "No, I didn't drink none," he continued. "I started ter cross Brandy brook on a log. I wanted ter cut off a three mile walk around by the trail. The water was high, and there was a strong current running out into the lake. This log was about a foot and a half thick. I rolled it off with the stream. I trucked my branches in my books and straddled the log. I hadn't kicked a dozen strokes before I got out into the swift water, and then I could see I was in for it. I kicked ter back up again ter the shore, but it was no use, so I let it go. It came on dark, and my feet began ter freeze. My old boots had been well greased, but the water dripped in at the tops and soaked my stockings. I tried kickin' harder ter keep my blood stirred up. I drifted over toward Bear mountain, and know that if the wind kept up I would land somewhere before midnight. Just as I was gettin' almighty froze I thought of a bottle of kerosene I had to oil my gun. Yer can bet I was within it was something more cheerful than kerosene."

A little alcohol and sugar at that time would've slipped down into them boots from the inside and melted them frozen toes, but there wasn't nothin' but kerosene. I poured it half and half into each boot, and I know it helped ter make me easy for a time. But by and by it seemed ter me the oil must be freezein' too. It was lucky I had my old match box along in my pocket, high and dry, for then the idea struck me that if I lit a match and sent it down into the oil it would warm things up some. There wasn't much else ter doer think about. I was makin' for Bear Mountain laund slow, but steady. If I didn't get there till midnight, my feet would both be freeze off, so I made up my mind ter try the matches. Lucky fer me, my boots had wide toes and I could send the lit match right down ter the bottom where it 'ud do the most good. Well, sir, the first match in the right boot did the trick fine. It took fire and thawed things out quicken I thought. Blisters raised all over, and when it all got scalded all comfortable I wriggled around and put out the fire. Then I tried it on the left foot, and it worked just as well. There was enough matches left to start a fire on the island when it drifted in there toward 12 o'clock."

—Brooklyn Eagle.

Turning a Financial Corner.

An ingenious Chicago man, who has too often had the experience of spending all of his small salary Saturday night and Sunday and being "busted" Monday morning, has hit upon a novel idea, by which he makes Uncle Sam's postoffice department his temporary savings bank. Last Saturday he had a letter in his hand and an acquaintance happened to see the address on it. "Well," said he, "that's the first time I ever heard of a man writing a letter to himself." "I'll be mighty glad to get that letter Monday morning," it has \$5 in it. I mail it tonight, and as we don't have any house delivery until Monday morning I can't possibly get it before then. No, if I'm a blamed fool and get into a poker game or spend all my money setting 'em up I'm sure to have a little left on Monday. It's bet ter to have a bank and a good deal more reliable."

—Chicago Daily News.

## A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

CAPTAIN SMITH TELLS OF HIS CLOSE CALL AT DEATH'S DOOR.

The Diver Was Pinned Beneath Wreckage With Fifty Feet of Water Above—Felt the Water Creeping Under His Arms. Each Moment an Eternity.

Captain Charles Smith of Bridgeport, Conn., who had a thrilling struggle with death 50 feet under water the other day, told the story of his experience today. The captain is a well known diver, and while working on the sunken hull of the Clara Post became caught in the rigging and narrowly escaped with his life.

"The wreck lay quite deep—deeper than I usually care to go, although I have been down 10 fathoms," said the captain. "After the men went by the board and the deck was torn off by the waves the cross timbers were stowed with the wreckage, and many were suspended over the decks and into the hold. I cut them away on the starboard side and then crossed over, doing the same. Then in some way some of the tangled mass slowed over and fell partially into the hold and I was caught with it and held fast. You cannot see very far in such a depth of water, and when I found myself pinned in, how I could not tell, I jerked the life line three times, which is the signal to rise. I felt myself rising a few feet, and then all the wreckage fell in upon me and everything came to a standstill. I jerked the life line repeatedly, but there was no response. I tried to move, but found the air pipe was somehow caught so that any movement sent off the current of air. It was an awful moment, and it seemed eternity to me."

"In the meantime those on the wrecking ship were wondering what had happened. It seemed to them as though the signals to haul up were quickly followed by others to lower, and then by one to stop. The men at the lifeline became confused at these contradictory orders, and hoping to take a safe course ordered the derrick to haul on the blocks. Nothing yielded to the strain, although the wrecking ship circled greatly. The men at the pumps worked for dear life, until they were exhausted and had to be relieved. Still no sign of release."

"All this while I was wondering," continued the captain, "why I was not crushed by the wreckage. I found myself becoming confused through the great air pressure in my helmet, and I had a presentiment that I should never clear myself, when suddenly the wreckage gave a lurch, and I found I could climb up to one of the deck timbers. Grasping my ax, I cut away at my feet, but some iron stays were in the way. As I hung there it seemed a lifetime, when again the tide favored me, and I began working desperately. I broke through the whole mass broke

because so entangled that I was actually held head downward, as I was carried up. It seemed another eternity before I reached the surface. When I came up, the men at first did not suppose I was there, as there was such a mass of tangled material, and their surprise you can imagine when I stuck up through the wreckage, feet first. When I was hauled upon deck and my helmet opened, it seemed as though my eyes were on fire, so terribly did they burn from the long-acted air pressure.

"It was," concluded the captain, "the closest call to death's door that I ever had, and I have peeped through its key-hole pretty often, I assure you."

Captain Smith is a powerful six foot or 40 years of age, and has followed his dangerous calling some 18 years. His wide experience in these times stood him in good stead in the thrilling event which followed his experience.—New York Journal.

Some Remarks.

Read—  
I'm striving daily, striving to show that all may see  
The glory and the greatness  
Of the only G. O. P.  
To make it have a record  
In countries that will stand,  
All when you meet the voters  
All over this broad land  
Just tell them that you saw me.

Mortimer—  
You doing all my duty  
As governor of the state  
With reference to the party  
And what will make it great.  
I fear late and early  
Entirely for its gain,  
And when you meet the voters  
From Mexico to Maine,  
Just tell them that you saw me.

Alison—  
I'm keeping very quiet,  
I haven't much to say,  
Because I am so busy  
With work that comes my way.  
A statesman's work I'm doing  
To make the party great,  
And when you meet the voters  
In every town and state  
Just tell them that you saw me.

McKinty—  
I'm working in my office,  
A private citizen,  
Appearing not in public  
By word of mouth or pen,  
But in my private totem  
I love the G. O. P.,  
And when you meet the voters  
Wherever they may be,  
Just tell them that you saw me.

Quay, Manchester, Culham—  
We have no words to offer,  
Our deeds commend us and  
Our register of service  
Is known to all the land.  
Like Jesus led to the slaughter,  
Without a word of gain,  
And when you meet the voters,  
These scullions of fate,  
Just tell them that you saw me.

Maybe You've Heard It.  
Here's the latest burnt cork:  
I hear that your friend Brown is dead!"

"Yes, that's so."  
"Did he leave his wife much?"  
"About three times a week."

Chairman Gideon of the national racing board of the L. A. W. is busy arranging the dates for the national circuit races. The circuit will open Decoration day.

EXCLUSIVE

AGENCY

—FOR THE—

San Francisco

Daily -- Papers.

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—AND—

CALIGRAPH

Typewriters.

A Line of Typewriter Papers Numbered for All Machines That in Quality and Price Cannot be Matched in Town. Also a Full Line of all Typewriters' Supplies.

I AM THE LOCAL AGENT FOR

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And Constantly Carry in Stock a Full Line of

Wrapping and Printing Papers,

Paper Bags and Twine.

There is Only One Place in Town That You Can Always Get What You Want in the Way of

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So You Might as Well Go First as Last to

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—AND ALL—

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